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PRIVILEGE.

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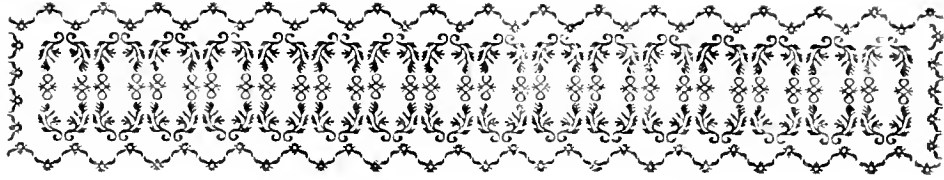
P O E M.

—CUM PRIVILEGIO!

L O N D O N:

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PRIVILEGE.



E flutt'ring BARDS, whose coxcomb fancies
choose
A summer's airing with your lady-muse ;
Who form starch sonnets regularly prim,
Or bluster fustian ODES in numbers trim ;
ODES, which the frenzy of our BROWNS inspire
To quench in empty smoke the GRECIAN fire,
Or fritter, with DESCRIPTION's eunuch-rage,
The manly fervors of the ROMAN page ;

B

Who

Who a dull MONODY's dull periods drawl,
 Strangers, like LYTTLETON, to nature's call,
 Whine o'er departed worth with childish zeal,
 And paint those passions, which you ne'er cou'd feel ;
 Who dancing to an ECLOGUE's flow'ry strain
 Descant the rustic's blifs, the rustic's pain,
 And polishing to courts a sordid crew,
 Bid them converse in notes, they never knew :

Ye riming hirelings, who at levees wait,
 Foul faction's trumpets, and the tools of state ;
 Whose magic pow'r bids honesty resort
 From *loyal* SCOTLAND to be lov'd at court,
 Who triumph in your country's foul disgrace,
 And wooe a JACOBITE — when once in place :

Ye tribe enslav'd to metaphysic plan,
 Who things of little use with labor scan,
 In ignorance plung'd, who ignorance deride,
 And frown on vanity, tho' wrap'd in pride ;

Renown'd

Renown'd PHILOSOPHERS, whose ceaseless toil
Consumes the ling'ring day, and midnight oil,
Whether with vagrant HUME your motley page
Deals wanton paradox in headlong rage ;
Who, what he thinks, with confidence can bawl
Freely, as that, he never thought at all ;
With letter'd pride whose *moral* footsteps tend,
Loft in a cloud, and talking to no end,
His sole intention thro' the mazy way,
Not to set right, but lead the mind astray ;
While heav'n-born GENIUS, in true radiance bright
Which breaks at intervals th' encumbering night,
Entranc'd by whimsy's wand supinely lies,
And wisdom's charms are lost in fancy's guise ;
Or with rich SHAFTESBURY's more fantastic pow'rs
You grace fair learning with poetic flow'rs,
Careless of judgment's nod, whose lavish strain
Spreads uncontrol'd o'er WIT's unbounded plain ;
By turns the foe of truth, by turns her friend,
Who laughs off whims he cares not to defend ;

While boldly springing with enthusiast mind
 He leaves the lagging argument behind ;
 —The errors of whose heart our grief inspire,
 Whose head ev'n dullness cannot but admire :

Ye gloomy race, ye mathematic train,
 In fogs whose deep impenetrable brain
 Plods, and plods on, while strangers to the right,
 Involv'd ye wander 'mid the shades of night ;
 Coop'd in a narrow academic cell,
 Where dullness rules, and horror loves to dwell,
 Life's choicest hours in zeal inglorious waste,
 And leap in search of truth the bounds of taste :
 That sacred truth your labors rarely find
 (Whate'er the boast of a pedantic mind)
 Tho' wisdom beaming thro' a NEWTON's soul
 Points the rough path, and beckons to the goal :

Ye frolic STERNES, with nature's genuine ease,
 Who laugh and laugh, and write whate'er you please,

Who

Who wage with *solemn form* eternal war,
 Wit's bawdry meaning glimm'ring thro' a *star* ;
 Or ye, dispensing with luxuriant mind
 Mirth's lively thought with shallow nonsense join'd,
 (While warm as MOUNTAGUE's your passions swell)
 Who, what offends decorum, boldly tell ;
 In giddy mood put modesty to rout,
 Feel, what you think, and speak it plainly out :

Ye creatures, fraught with vanity who write,
 Retaling ribaldry in truth's despight,
 With ranc'rous gall who scandal's poison spit,
 While fond presumption claims the throne of wit ;
 Who now the toil of *Dissertation* try,
 And rake the *Grecian* for th' historic *lye*,
 Things, they ne'er meant, from foreign authors quote,
 And give them nonsense, which they never wrote ;
 Your flimsy strains who flimsily defend,
 Strains, which no mortals but yourselves commend,
 Superior rivals view with envious eyes,
 And merit blast, wherever merit lyes ;

Who

Who without learning years of reading waste,
No sons of genius, and no friends of taste ;
Who rail at vice, tho' foes to virtue's name,
And modesty applaud, unknown to shame,
Ye shallow coxcombs of the times, ye BROWNS ;
Whom reason cheers not, on whom wisdom frowns,
Whom folly actuates, and whom passion rules,
No fancy fires you, and no judgment cools ;
No transient beauty who in others own,
And boast perfection in yourselves alone :

Ye learned KINGS, ye WARBURTONS, who fit
Usurping Cromwells o'er the land of wit,
A RIGHT DIVINE in letters who affect,
And your vain upstart wills to laws erect ;
Fondly exclaiming with imperious tongue
Each wretch, that dares to differ, must be wrong ;
Who build on novelty your worth's defence,
On pride your spirit, on abuse your sense ;
Whose volumes drawl'd on fair religion shew,
What Christians *need not*, or ne'er *ought* to know ;

Who

Who to meer nothings sink a SHAKESPEAR'S rage,
Burlesque his meaning, and pervert his page ;
Comment on bards, tho' strangers to the Nine,
Plain sense obscuring with the *critic* line :

Come forth, ye authors of whate'er degree,
Ye willing slaves, and you who dare be free,
Creeping in prose, or ambling it in rime,
To gain the pence, or while away your time,
All, all come forth ; the gen'rous muse attend,
To WORTH devoted, and her country's friend ;
A mighty theme I sing, attend my call,
And *feel* the subject, which demands you all.

But chiefly ye, whose learning's fob'rer rage
Points the full beauties of th' historic page,
Not rous'd by SMOLLET'S pride, with partial views,
Dealing each faithless anecdote from *news*,
Changing, like vanes, before the changing wind,
Where faction bids, who fly with giddy mind,

'Gainst

'Gainst honest Pitt's unfully'd virtues roar,
That Pitt your int'rest deem'd a God before,
Who madly vaunting in the Tory's name,
Throw villain slanders on a William's fame,
William, whose worth shall triumph, when the Scot,
Of ALL disdain'd, shall in oblivion rot,
Howe'er the wretches labor to survive,
Prop'd on the rebel-deeds of *forty-five* ;
But YE, inspir'd by truth's severer laws,
Who rush undaunted in your country's cause,
MACAULAYS firm, who soar on FREEDOM's wings,
No dupes to statesmen, and no slaves to Kings,
Who frown on Stuarts with a gen'rous zeal,
Each thought directed to the public weal ;
Distinguish'd patriots ! in whose strains we find
The purest language of a manly mind ;
---Attend the muse, which fearless of control,
Speaks the strong dictates of an ENGLISH soul,
On vile corruption swells th' indignant stream,
FREEDOM her boast, and PRIVILEGE her theme.

Hail

Hail glorious PRIVILEGE, whose sacred name
Fills my warm spirits with a genuine flame,
Calls forth each great resolve, inspires my pride,
And thro' my veins expands a purer tide ;
Hail, holy CHARTER hail, whose gen'rous smile
Sheds richest transports o'er my native isle ;
By thee her subjects, first of human race,
Panting for fame, impatient of disgrace,
Oppression blast with unrelenting heart,
And frown abhorrent on the snares of art ;
By thee, a foe to guilt, unknown to fear
He curbs the statesman in his wild career,
Bids upstart vice superior virtue own,
Nor spares the fiend, tho' basking near a throne ;
By thee, while gen'rous ardor fires his cheek,
All that he dares to think, he dares to speak ;
Maintains his country's rights with honest plea,
Nor deigns to sink a slave, by nature free.
Hail holy charter, at whose awful nod
The paths of death our gallant fathers trod,

The rigorous arm of lawless pow'r withstood,
When proudly warring 'gainst the public good,
Confronted tyrants with a steady eye,
—For FREEDOM liv'd, for FREEDOM dar'd to dye.
Thrice happy ENGLAND, doom'd no more to view
The foul oppressions of a venal crew!
Doom'd, unreveng'd, no longer to behold
At will thy sacred int'rests bought and sold;
See in some wretch's hand the sceptre plac'd,
Usurp'd this moment, and the next disgrac'd;
See a vile HENRY's soul with stern delight
Bent on extortion leap the bounds of right;
'Too weak to rule, too proud to bless a state,
His foes derision and his subjects' hate,
'The tool of avarice, and a dupe to art,
No honest dictates warm'd his iron-heart,
Steel'd to all friendship, but what int'rest gave,
Who loath'd th' ambitious, tho' ambition's slave;
Gull'd with the sounds of arbitrary pow'r,
Hug'd, whom he curs'd, and smil'd but to devour;

So frown'd the wretch, whom heav'n's avenging hand
Ordain'd the pest, to scourge an helpless land,
Unmov'd he listen'd to the nation's groan,
While his rapacious minions rul'd the throne.

Condemn'd no more to view the tyrant God,
Who rul'd the subject with oppression's rod ;
Ungovern'd savage! in whose soul was join'd
Each vice, whose horrors can disgrace mankind,
Vices, whose thick impenetrable screen
Scarce left one glimpse of virtue to be seen,
Or if some transient goodness lurk'd within
It frown'd polluted by a deeper sin ;
Passion his rule, profusion his delight,
His strength, brutality, revenge, his might ;
No tears could sooth him, and no worth cou'd awe,
Right he disdain'd, and what he will'd, was law ;
Pride fester'd in his soul, his specious sense
Shone thro' the glare of boundless insolence ;
A friend unknown to faith ; a foe to grace
His fierce religion wore a bigot-face ;

The realm he rescu'd from the papal throne,
A freedom founded on caprice alone ;
Of hand rapacious, and of heart unjust,
Madman in rage, and pander to his lust ;
Woman he lov'd, but soon his passion cloy'd,
Scorn'd, tho' admir'd, and hated, when enjoy'd ;
With truth his learning one pedantic strife ;
One settled war with virtue was his life.

So low'r'd the guilty times ; so lost to shame,
When dawning FREEDOM shed a dubious flame ;
When venal statesmen, fetter'd to resort,
Humor'd each fickle fancy of a court ;
One tyrant dead, when with unbounded hand
Another tyrant rules the wretched land ;
Such, while ELIZA's arm the sceptre sway'd
Each wayward passion of their Queen obey'd ;
Fawn'd at her feet, and truckled to her nod,
And rais'd an earthly puppet to a God ;
LORDS in full senate full applauses show'r,
And lavish incense at the shrine of pow'r,

With

With liberal soul th' indulgent COMMONS grant
Repeated treasures to their Sov'reign's want ;
Schemes prosper'd *then* by able statesmen plan'd,
And conquests rose beneath the warrior's hand ;
O'er earth, o'er ocean, tow'r the martial train,
And grace the sacred annals of her reign ;
Sprung from this source, the Sov'reign's merits shone,
Usurping WISDOM to herself alone ;
Hence ev'ry virtue in her bosom rul'd,
Enflam'd with courage, and with prudence cool'd ;
Her's the full triumph of eternal fame,
Which long-forgotten patriots vainly claim.

To those, ambition prompted to be great,
FLATT'RY, RANK FLATT'RY won the smile of state ;
Who seek th' indulgence of their Queen to prove,
Her mind must rev'rence, and her form must love ;
By wisdom fir'd, like Sheba's Queen, her mind
In form an angel sent to bless mankind,
— Each charm, which niggard nature dar'd deny,
Their praise must kindle, and their tongues supply.

—Veil,

---Veil, rigid fatire, veil th' inglorious scene,
And in oblivion close the SCOTTISH Queen.

To draw the tear from PITY's melting eye,
Call from the heaving breast the pensive sigh,
To swell th' ingenuous bosom with disdain,
And rouse the fervor of the patriot train,
To urge the warrior's animated force,
Inspire his vengeance, and enflame his course,
Hate in his soul, and horror in his face,
Turn to the elder of the STUART race ;
Turn to the baleful melancholy hour,
When JAMES was lifted to the seat of pow'r,
Who hurl'd oppression with imperious hand,
To stab the FREEDOM of a zealous land ;
FREEDOM the courtier's curse, the tyrant's scorn,
Her glories blasted, and her trophies torn.

Tho' foibles center'd in a wayward heart
Might ward the fury of resentment's dart,
When leagu'd with crimes the tainted mind they rule,
We loath the villain, while we mourn the fool ;

If gleam'd in SCOTTISH James a transient worth,
 From vice, vice only sprang its guilty birth;
 If gen'rous dictates in his bosom roll'd,
 Profusion show'r'd the prostituted gold;
 Peace, peace he courted, for unknown to arms
 His puny spirit shudder'd at alarms;
 Fair learning's themes his pedant toils pursue,
 To snuff th' applauses of a venal crew;
 While fordid incense dullness' train imparts,
 He stands the ruling SOLOMON of arts.
 Did friendship's sweets his giddy thoughts employ?
 They glar'd with guilt, or dwindled to a toy:
 Thus England's chains he forg'd, himself a tool
 To the mad whimsies of a fav'rite fool.

Flush'd with the warmth, which youth, and spirits gave,
 To him, his father who disgrac'd, a slave,
 Charles mounts the *tott'ring* pinnacle of pow'r,
 ---A wretch devoted from that gloomy hour.
 Oh! with indulgent hand had fav'ring fate
 Consign'd the Monarch a DOMESTIC state;

Freed

Freed from ambition, and the broils of strife,
 What joys had crown'd him in the vale of life!
 Pure had each ray of social merit shone,
 Obscur'd by clouds, that hover round a throne.

Tyrant at others' will, by nature meek,
 Of solid sense, from shallow councils weak,
 Of bosom gen'rous, and a foe to sin,
 Virtue, tho' mark'd with errors, glow'd within;
 Tho' STUART born, with social goodness grac'd,
 Firm was his friendship, his affection chaste.

To stem the boundless torrent of the times,
 When pure religion was a mask for crimes,
 When urg'd 'gainst FREEDOM's rights, by FREEDOM's flame,
 Pow'r was their butt, and monarchy their aim,
 Ill suits the mildness of a CHARLES's force,
 Tho' headlong BUCKINGHAM enflame his course:
 ---I cannot love on truth's severer plan
 The hapless King, I cannot hate the man.

Veil,

Close, close the horrors of the rest from sight,
And crush a CROMWELL to eternal night.

In frolic gayety from BRED A's shore,
Easy, as Fortune's frown he never bore,
As exile were a toy, and want a jest,
To realms long panting for the sweets of rest
The son *invited* flew ; the changing realm
Caught at a stroke the vices of the helm ;
In pleasure's round the giddy subjects rove,
A land of licence, ridicule, and love ;
A dupe to folly, and to whims a slave,
Calm he receiv'd the joke, he freely gave,
Without profusion in his *secial* hour,
Stranger to prudence 'mid the scenes of pow'r ;
His scoff religion, glory was his hate,
Careless of right, and thoughtless of the state ;
Foes were regarded, but his friends unknown,
Those very friends, who rais'd him to the throne ;
Averse to tumults, undisturb'd by wars,
He shook the kingdom with domestic jars ;

At home unrev'renc'd, and despis'd abroad,
 His people spurn'd him, and his neighbors aw'd ;
 Disgrace, when living, crush'd his country's fame,
 Which sinks his ashes to the gulph of shame.

Curs'd with a boundless arbitrary rage,
 Which fires the STUART soul from age to age,
 Steel'd to fair prudence, by no fears appall'd,
 Impatient rushing, where oppression call'd,
 Relentless bigot to the POPISH cause,
 Who laugh'd at FREEDOM, and disdain'd the laws ;
 Who moulded fetters for a restiff state,
 To make them captives to the *wretch, they hate,
 And urg'd by principle, with pious art,
 Would tear all conscience from the human heart,
 As subject, not as sovereign born to shine,
 Rose the last tyrant of the Stuart-line :
 Obscur'd by tempests rose the feeble sun,
 In clouds to set, 'ere half his course was run.

* The Pope.

Hence be *such* rulers, let the bigot praise
The gloomy records of those guilty days,
Let frantic TORIES, whose rebellious ire
Would spread their native land with flames of fire,
On regal vileness venal flatt'ry roll,
No spark of FREEDOM glimm'ring in their soul;
ENGLAND with transport feels the sacred hour,
When spurning slav'ry, uncontrol'd by pow'r,
From the warm heart unbounded rev'rence springs
To crown the merits of the best of Kings ;
Of hoary prudence ev'n in youth possess'd
His people blessing, of his people blest'd ;
Whose soul from *virtue* never learn'd to rove,
Whose ev'ry thought religion's duties move ;
Rise, rise, my muse, in truth's exalted strain,
And hail the glories of a BRUNSWIC's reign.

Tho' savage bosoms with enraptur'd fight
Hang o'er the baleful horrors of the fight,
And stalking thro' the field with giant tread
Feast on the slaughter'd mountains of the dead ;

Far milder scenes engage *our Statesmens* care,
They know to conquer, but they know to spare;
They bid destruction drop her vengeful arm,
And curb *in full career* the war's alarm.

Their gen'rous thoughts with calm compassion flow
From ruin's jaw their mercy saves a foe ;
To raise him from the dust themselves advance,
And hug the *promis'd* faith of SPAIN and FRANCE.
There are, who slaves to int'rest's fordid plan,
Keep, what they gain, and gain whate'er they can ;
Around, *our* conquests spread from shore to shore,
PEACE kindly flies those conquests to restore ;
Tho' ev'ry gale repeated triumphs boast,
A shatter'd navy, or a captive coast ;
Tho' ev'ry gale unbounded treasures bring,
—The stores *predestin'd* to the foe we fling ;
Tear the *vain* laurel from the warrior's head,
And fix *th' immortal* olive in its stead.

Of

Of old protected by the sovereign hand,
Spite of the clamors of an adverse land,
The giddy statesman, with enthusiast zeal,
At random rushing 'gainst the public weal,
Each post of honor on his kinsmen shew'r'd,
Each splen'id title on his minions pour'd ;
Tho' bellowing faction rail, the *courtly race*
Still kept their grandeur, and maintain'd their place ;
Fix'd at their wills the ministerial rout,
In pow'r who pleas'd them, who displeas'd were out.

The frame of B--E a nobler soul inspires,
In place this moment, he the next retires ;
Retires contented from encumb'ring state,
To footh the madness of a nation's hate.

Fav'rites, in shew abandon'd by a court,
Fix'd to the gilded slavery of resort,
Still lark'd of yoke, conceal'd behind a screen,
And rul'd each movement of the state machine ;

Our fav'rite wooes the still, sequester'd life,
Sicken'd with gain, and surfeited with strife.

Star-Chamber tyranny, by passion mov'd,
Flew forth of old on libels, *never prov'd*,
Each hated PATRIOT by *illegal* pow'r
Causeless was seiz'd, and hurry'd to the Tow'r ;
That pow'r, which gave the shatter'd state to groan,
While fell extortion wore the face of loan,
Tax'd it for war, and when the battles cease,
Tax'd it afresh, to *carry on* a PEACE.

Of old, devoted to a statesman's thought,
GEN'RALS ne'er dar'd to vote, as conscience taught,
Or if perhaps, disdainful of control,
Some bolder champion spoke his honest soul,
Driv'n from his post, and banish'd from command,
He mourns, oppress'd, the slav'ry of the land ;
But JUSTICE, JUSTICE *now* the courtier guides,
Cools his keen rage, and o'er his heart presides.

The

The PRESS, where FREEDOM with undaunted course
Checks the wild stream of ministerial force,
Where gen'rous TRUTH can fainting virtue right,
And tear corruption to the face of light ;
By LAW protected, and unaw'd by foes,
Nor *warrants* lock, nor Carringtons can close :
Free be the passport still, with prudent zeal
For ever watchful o'er the public weal,
On glory's wing, beyond the reach of blame,
Our statesmen soar to everlasting fame.

JEFFRIES of yore, oppression's genuine child,
With streams of blood his guilty steps defil'd ;
To Pow'r alone, and to her friends, a friend,
No virtues footh him, and no tears can bend ;
Merit in rags sunk blasted at his frown,
Crush'd was each suitor, that confronts the crown ;
What need of JURIES?—*he* o'er-rules the cause,
His will the verdict, and his nod, the laws.

Thrice

Thrice happy change!--with spotless truth possess'd
 When virtue rears her throne in M--S--D's breast;
 A milky breast, that melts at mis'ry's tear,
 Ev'n to the rebel-culprit *scarce* severe;
 Unwarp'd by faction, and unwarp'd by pride,
 No int'rest turns his honest heart aside;
 Vers'd in the laws, at calm reflection's rule
 He weighs the *right*, deliberately cool.

Fair FREEDOM's smile his ev'ry deed inspires,
 Reigns in his soul, and kindles all her fires;
 Ingenuous thoughts his manly mind enlarge,
 No JURY's influenc'd by a partial charge;
 All that they think, he bids them freely name;
 ---So open, WILKS, tho' sentenc'd, cannot blame.

Faction, that Hydra, strengthen'd from the ground,
 Warm'd by resistance, fiercer from her wound
 Who rears her tow'ring front, now lost to sight
 Sinks to the regions of eternal night;

EXTRAVAGANCE,

EXTRAVAGANCE, that wont with Kings to sport,
 Quash'd by a T--B--T's frown retires from court ;
 While mild OECONOMY triumphant stands,
 The *frugal* pension *gleaming* in her hands ;
 Who scatters wealth (where wealth alone is fit)
 To cheer the toils of learning, and of wit ;
 Adds double genius to an Hogarth's page,
 And fame, acquir'd in youth, confirms in age ;
 Bids Mallet's muse with richest fancy bloom,
 And swells each grace of tragedy in Hume ;
 Gives Johnson's soul with *patriot-zeal* to spring,
 Adore a statesman, and *respect his King*.

BLASPHEMY, woo'd of late who stalk'd the land,
 Lies levell'd in the dust by S--D--CH' hand ;
 S--d--ch, by all rever'd from earliest youth,
 Renown'd for friendship, chastity, and truth ;
 No mean reflections in his bosom roll,
 Vice ne'er possess'd one corner of his soul ;

E

Fill'd

Fill'd with each virtue that a court can grace,
 Bless'd be my country! he's at length in place;
 Parts, person, manners, all, his office suit,
 And crown this precious legacy of BUTE.

Unbounded INT'REST, whose prevailing art
 Expells each ray of goodness from the heart,
 Foe to all reason, savage IMPUDENCE,
 Who long usurp'd the sacred name of SENSE,
 Who steel'd to shame bids modest merit blush,
 And spreads o'er truth herself a *faithless* flush;
 GUILT in broad noon which 'erst securely trod,
 ---All, all at once are fled at N-RT-N's nod.

If genuine LOYALTY demand thy care,
 Turn to a LITCHFIELD's heart, and see her there;
 She bids a PHILIPS tow'r supremely great,
 True to his KING, and faithful to the state.
 See! sacred WISDOM, with a full control,
 Spreads her bright radiance on a DASH---D's foul;

Center'd

Center'd in worth, see! PRINCIPLE impart
Her purest influence to a GRE----LE's heart;
Unsway'd by faction, and a foe to pelf,
Steel'd to corruption, and no tool to self,
What if he quits the paths he trod before?
---His *kindred* MUCH he loves, his country MORE.

SUCH blifsful scenes our golden times display,
And such the *morning* of a GEORGE's fway.

The E N D.

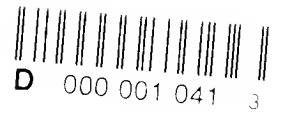
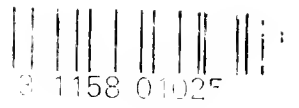
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